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ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

FARM AND HOME

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS # 118

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TIME  
12:30 - 1:30 PM

WMAQ

DATE

AUGUST 28, 1938

DAY

FRIDAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



ANNOUNCER:" "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

MUSIC: QUARTET, RANGER'S SONG

ANNOUNCER: Here we go again to the National Forest country for a look-in on Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers. Last week, you remember, an airplane arrived on the Pine Cone District, under a contract for some aerial mapping work that Ranger Jim Robbins had planned. It turned out that the pilot was an old schoolmate of Ranger Jim's assistant, Jerry Quick. Before the mapping work had started a fire broke out in a blind spot behind Windy Peak, and the plane and pilot were drafted into emergency service to reconnoiter the fire and determine its extent and danger. Day electric storms started new fires, and high winds balked the efforts of the fire fighters to control the blaze. But after several days of ceaseless fighting, with Jerry directing the fight from the air, Ranger Jim and his smoke eaters have apparently got the best of it, and today Jerry and Bob, the pilot, are preparing to go into the air again, to check on the fire line and make sure no danger spots still exist. Bob is warming up his motor, before they take off across the small emergency landing field.

SOUND: MOTOR WARMING UP. MAINTAIN IN BACKGROUND

JERRY: (FADE IN CALLING) She sounds all right, Bob?

BOB: (OFF) Not bad, Jerry. Still a little cold.

JIM: (FADE IN) Not so much wind this morning, Jerry. Looks like we'll get this fire corralled for sure today.

JERRY: Yeah. Say, Jim, I wish you'd go up with Bob and let me take your place on the fire line. I can handle it all right.



JIM: Of course you can, son, but you're doing all right on the observation.

JERRY: Well, I mean... Well, you ought to get some sleep, Jim. You haven't seen a bed for four days. I don't mean to

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Lookin' after me, eh? Well, it'll be over pretty soon and I'll have time to catch up on my sleep.

JERRY: But you wouldn't have to be on your feet all the time if you'd go up with Bob and...

JIM: I reckon I'd better keep on my feet to stay awake. If this doggoned wind hadn't kept blowing all week, we'd have had that fire licked long ago.

JERRY: It's a good thing we had Bob and the plane to help locate all those spot fires.

JIM: You bet it is. I'm afraid she'd've spread all over the country, if we hadn't been able to jump right after those spots.

JERRY: Well, it's pretty well cooled down now, except for that one hot place, isn't it?

JIM: Yes. And that's the spot you want to keep your eye on all the time. I've got the crews concentrated there to keep it down. They've got a pretty good line around it. But if the wind comes up again she might get away.

JERRY: You've got some more supplies coming in for the men, haven't you?





JIM: Yeah. They'll be here soon, I expect. Several loads

BOB: (FADE IN) All set, Jerry, any time you are

JERRY: Okay, Bob. Say, what's the matter with you fella?  
You're white as a sheet.

BOB: Nothin' much. Got a little touch of indigestion or  
something, I guess.

JIM: Do you think it's a good idea for you to go up,  
feeling like that?

BOB: Sure. It'll wear off pretty quick. I've done it before,  
plenty of times.

JIM: Now listen, young fella. If you think there's any  
danger at all, I'd feel a lot safer for you to stay  
on the ground. We can lick this fire without a plane  
if we have to.

BOB: Naw, I'll be all right in a few minutes. It's nothing.  
(DOOR OPENS) Here, have a look inside this cabin,  
Mr. Robbins. You haven't seen it before, have you?

JIM: No, I haven't.....Say, that's fine. More room than I  
thought

JERRY: You need it when you're scrambling around trying to  
keep an eye on the blaze down below you.

BOB: It's fixed up especially for air photography, you see,  
Mr. Robbins, so that makes it good for observation work

JIM: Yep. I see.



JERRY: Bob's been giving me a few pointers on driving in  
this kind of weather.

BOB: All right, pretty good at it, but he's taken the  
controls a few times.

JIM: Have you tried to test out, Jerry?

JERRY: Sure, I'd like to try it, though, since I bet the rest  
of handling it in the air. Sure. You look kind of good.  
Sure. Are you sure you ought to go on?

BOB: Oh, yeah. I'm sure. Good. Go. Let's go.

JIM: So long, boys. (CALLING AFTER THEM) Listen for your  
times from the time of the runway sector. That's  
it. Well, see you on the line. And be careful, you  
boys.

JERRY: (OFF) Good, Jim. (FADING) Oh, Lord.

BOB: (MOTOR BE AND PAUL INTO TRUCK)

MOTOR: (TRUCK DRUM)

JIM: (FADING IN) How are things going on your section, Dave?

DAVE: Okay, Jim. We're copying to now. I've called off some  
of the boys to get some more.

JIM: That's good. Bill should be called in with his crew  
trying pretty quick now.

DAVE: We'll see him tonight if he doesn't.

JIM: Sure is mighty lucky having this emergency landing field  
close enough for planes to land and see and supplies.



DAVE: Yeah. It would've taken a whole day to hoof it from the road up here. Getting that first crew in by air is what saved us. We never would've stopped this fire if we hadn't.

JIM: She was plenty bad as it was.

DAVE: You say lightning started these fires?

JIM: That's right.

DAVE: You must be getting your tourists all trained to be careful with fire in the woods.

JIM: Maybe so. At least you might be able to teach people to be careful with fire some day, but there's not much of anything you can do about lightning. .Hmmm. That plane's circling back this way.

SOUND: (AIRPLANE MOTOR WAY OFF)

DAVE: He's headin' down for us. Looks like Jerry's going to drop a message for you.

JIM: Yep. I guess he is. Headin' right this way.

SOUND: (AIRPLANE MOTOR UP FOR SECOND OR TWO, FADES DURING FOLLOWING)

JIM: Yep, he's dropping a message all right.

DAVE: There she comes -- watch it.

JIM: Pretty good aim. She hit right over there, Dave.

DAVE: (GOING OFF) I'll get 'er, Jim.

JIM: All right, Thanks.





DAVE: (OFF) Here it is. I got 'er. (COMING UP) I'd just as soon their aim wasn't too good. With that weight on 'er, they mighta beamed one of us.

JIM: Yep...Haaa. Jerry says: "Smoking up some on southeast sector. May need more men. New spot fire showing up about half mile east, in heavy timber"...Get some men after that spot fire right away, will you, Dave. I'll be watching the line.

DAVE: (GOING OFF) Okay, Jim. We'll get right on 'er.

JIM: (CALLS) Hey, wait a minute! What's the matter with that plane?

DAVE: (COMING UP) Gosh, she's actin' kinda crazy, ain't she?

SOUND: (FADE IN AIRPLANE MOTOR, OFF)

JIM: Something's wrong, Dave. Look at the way it's wobbling

DAVE: She's sure acting crazy.

JIM: That young pilot, Bob La Corte, he looked kinda bad when they took off...My gosh, Dave, I wonder if he's

SOUND: (AIRPLANE MOTOR UP FOR TRANSITION, FADE DOWN TO BACKGROUND FOR FOLLOWING)

JERRY: (IN PLANE) Jim got the message all right, Bob. Let's circle around again and see how the mop up's going. Hear me, Bob? Then we'll head in and...Hey, what's the matter! Bob?...Hey, Bob!...What's wrong, Bob! M...gosh, he's slumped down in his seat!. Hold on! Bob, what's wrong, fella! Snap out of it!...Gosh, I've gotta grab that control...gotta get you outa the seat, Bob.

there. Gee, she's actin' crazy. There, now she's





SOUND: (AIRPLANE MOTOR UP FOR TRANSITION, FADES DOWN TO DISTANT BACKGROUND FOR FOLLOWING)

JIM: She's steadied again, Dave.

DAVE: Still actin' kinda funny, Jim. Something ain't right up there. Look!

JIM: Gosh, she almost dove into the trees! Just pulled up in time. Say I wonder if that pilot's passed out and Jerry's trying to run the plane. He's never landed a plane before in his life!

DAVE: By George, do you think that's what it is?

JIM: I shouldn't've let 'em go up. That young Bob looked pretty sick.

DAVE: Look, they're headin' right toward us now.

JIM: (SHOUTS) Don't let 'er drop too fast, Jerry! You gotta clear those trees at the edge of the field!

DAVE: He can't hear yuh, Jim.

JIM: I know it. Gosh, I wish he could.

SOUND: (AIRPLANE MOTOR FADES OUT)

DAVE: He's clear of the trees now, Jim.

JIM: (SHOUTS) Let the tail down! Don't drop too fast! Let that tail down! Let it down!

DAVE: He's gonna crash, Jim, sure as...

JIM: No sir! He'll make it!....Look at 'er bounce...He's down! He made it! Come on, Dave! ...(CALLS) Jerry. hey, Jerry!



JERRY: (FADE IN) Help me get Bob out of here. He's coming around.

JIM: (FADE IN) Are you all right, Jerry?

JERRY: Sure. Here help me get him outside.

JIM: That was good work, Jerry. You landed 'er without a ~~problem~~. What's the matter with Bob?

JERRY: It must be appendicitis or something. Bob. Are you better, fella?

BOB: (THICKLY) Huh?...What's wrong?

JERRY: You passed out.

JIM: We better get 'im to the hospital, fast as we can.

BOB: What happened? What's wrong?

JERRY: I'll take his legs, Jim. All right. You passed out while we were in the air, Bob.

BOB: Where's the ship. Did we crack up?

JIM: It's all right, son. Jerry brought it in.

BOB: Jerry brought it in? Gee, he's...

JERRY: Feel better now, Bob?

BOB: Yeah. Gee, I musta keeled over like a tin soldier.

JIM: Hey, Jerry...What's the matter?

JERRY: (WEAKLY) I'm all right now, Jim...My legs sorta gave way on me all of a sudden. That was the first time I ever handled a plane alone, Jim. Had a hard time remembering what to do.



JIM: Take it easy, son. Just a sort of nervous reaction.  
I guess Anyway you kept your head and brought in the  
ship. Tackle anything that comes your way and do it up  
right and that's what a Ranger's supposed to do. But,  
you sure gave me a scare, Jerry.

JERRY: Huh. Maybe you think I wasn't scared.

MUSIC: (CURTAIN CHORD)

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers is presented by the National  
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mc: 3/25/36  
11:20 AM

